Sonic saved me from depression after my lowest point.

People will judge you without knowing you if they know about your mistakes beforehand. You don't need to say you've changed or that you will; just show it. And when they see your past mistakes, they'll know you've truly changed.

Hi everyone. I planned to share this when I reached 10k followers, and now that we've done it, I feel the best way to thank you is by being completely transparent. You don't know how much it means to me to have gotten this far, not only because of the reach of my art but also because of the person I've become to sustain it.

I hope this experience helps people going through something similar, so they don't make the same mistakes I did.

I firmly believe we all have the right—and sometimes the obligation—to restart our lives, especially when you come from a past marked by trauma. I'm not talking about what you see on the screen, but what lies beneath: the dysphoria, that desperate need to sexualize myself to get attention and avoid abandonment, and the exhaustion of pretending to be someone I wasn't just to please others or get attention.

Starting on social media at such a young age was a mistake I paid dearly for. At that age, you don't think, you just react; you believe you're right about everything and end up surrounded by people who aren't good for you. Back then, I took refuge in masks.

Instead of facing my emotional problems and seeking help, I decided to build defenses that ended up hurting me and, without realizing it, others. You destroy yourself so much inside that the outside world begins to completely distort.

And that, unfortunately, was my case.

I hate my old self, but that's okay.

At 14, social media wasn't a choice; it was an escape. I was running from bullying and childhood wounds I didn't yet know how to heal. What began as a refuge on Facebook and Amino soon became a labyrinth. At 16, the lack of guidance led me to consume adult content that deeply disturbed me. If you're under 18 and reading this, please understand that this isn't a place for you.

The Mask and the Alter Ego

To protect myself from the hatred I felt toward my body and my illnesses, I created a persona. An armor that seemed strong, but was broken inside. While grappling with a dysphoria I was terrified to admit, I tried to fit in by sexualizing my image and that of my persona, seeking a validation my self-esteem couldn't provide.

That same confusion led me to normalize what wasn't: a relationship with someone much older, when I was still a minor, and my integration into groups that glorified the "edgy" and the explicit under the direction of adults who shouldn't have been there. My mental health began to crumble as I tried to convince myself that I looked "cool" and that this was normal.

The Weight of Empty Fame

I went viral on TikTok and YouTube, but not for who I was. I hid behind horror drawings and a "vigilante" facade that exposed other people's mistakes without looking at my own. I fell in love with the idea of being like other creators.

I desperately wanted to be myself regarding my gender and identity, but the criticism and mockery of that were so intense at the time—to the point that a YouTuber was publicly shamed for being asexual—that I was filled with internal panic and preferred to keep pretending, even making fun of the topic, which was very wrong.

Soon, I found myself trapped in a toxic cycle:

• **Unhealthy content**: I drew extreme things just for attention.

• **Lost responsibility**: I became a refuge for other young people, but I offered them violence in art and senseless judgment instead of healing.

• **Constant fear**: I lived with anxiety, suffering doxing, harassment just for making "critiques," and ridicule about my health.

Reflection I: I chose to stay there, I chose those senseless scripts and those harmful dynamics. I understood that fame based on hatred toward others is not success, it's a prison. If you identify with this, remember that it's never too late to drop the mask, ask for help, and stop building your home in a place that destroys you.

Part II: The Chaos of Relationships and the Mirror of My Mistakes

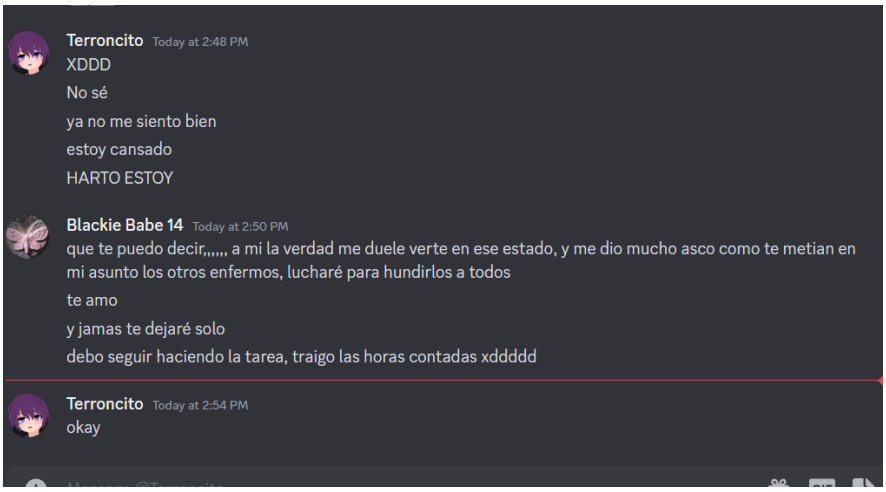
For a long time, my life was a cycle of dependency and lack of boundaries that ended up hurting those I loved most and, above all, myself.

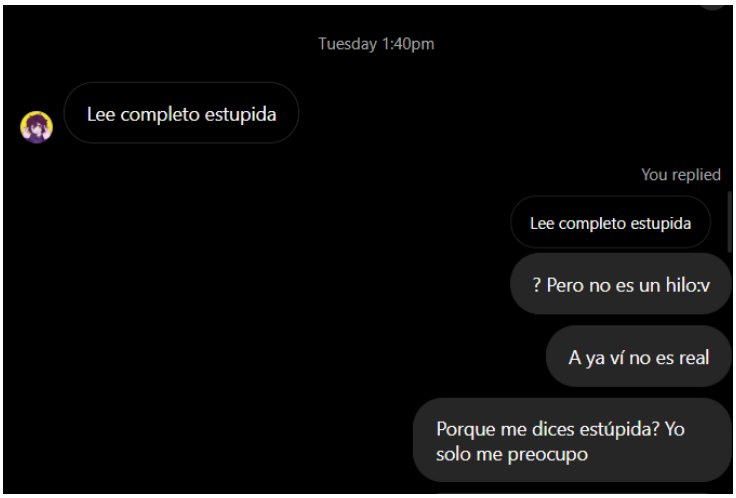
The Clash of Two Broken Worlds

I was in a relationship marked by instability. He struggled with depression, avoidant attachment, and other issues; I had anxious attachment and Borderline Personality Disorder (BPD), which I didn't know or understand at the time, as I had only recently been diagnosed. That combination was devastating.

I lived in a constant state of overthinking, trying to decipher the silences and cold responses he used as self-sabotage, since he said he didn't deserve to be happy because of personal emotional problems and traumas, but I reacted very negatively to that because of my anxious attachment.

Today, I don't judge him, because everyone manifests their trauma in different ways, and I hope that he has improved in that regard and that his communication with others is now more open and stable.





In my desperation, I sought refuge in my friends, bombarding them with screenshots and laments, even more intimate and uncomfortable details. With all the love in the world, they gave me the only logical advice: "Go to therapy and get out of there."

But I didn't listen. I made the mistake of seeking their support only when I was down, only to abandon them as soon as things "fixed" with my partner. Today I understand how exhausting and unfair that was for them. My behavior was immature, and I completely understand why many decided to distance themselves; it wasn't hate, it was exhaustion.

The Spiral of Despair

My gradual absence from social media wasn't due to a lack of desire, it was the weight of my crises. I reached levels of immaturity that I deeply regret today: begging for attention on Twitter after being blocked or sending public passive-aggressive messages because I no longer had any friends who would listen to me. I was left alone, and in that solitude, I made even bigger mistakes.

In a desperate attempt to avoid losing one of the few friends I had left, I crossed lines I shouldn't have crossed. I entered into an intimate/romantic dynamic when he told me he liked me. This happened during a hiatus in my relationship, as we would always break up for up to a month at a time, with me secretly begging to get back together, or vice versa. With this other person, I shared my vulnerability and my body, unaware that my private life—beyond the internet drama and my life traumas—was being recorded without my consent.

The Weight of Words

In the midst of that confusion, under the impression that it was "funny" or "ironic," I even joked in intimate contexts during a phone call, using lyrics from dark songs (like "Cupcakes" by Futret), without considering the impact of my words. At the time, in my bubble of immaturity, it seemed like a silly joke to say it in the first person as if those were my own mental desires or fetishes. I thought it was so grotesque that she would realize it was just the song lyrics and wouldn't take it seriously, since she responded to those comments by playing along suggestively and didn't show any rejection at the time. Today, looking back, it fills me with deep revulsion and disgust. I understand that there are things you just don't joke about, and that the context of a joke doesn't erase how disturbing or sick it can be for others.

Reflection II: Looking back hurts, but it's necessary. Today I'm not that person who ignores the advice of those who love me. I'm learning to manage my BPD, to respect my friends' processes, and above all, to understand that asking for help isn't the same as using others as an emotional dumping ground. While I still struggle to communicate when I'm having a crisis, I respect the individuality of the people around me and apologize when I see that I've hurt someone.

Accepting that I was irrational doesn't make me less of a person; it makes me aware so I don't repeat it.

Part III: The Chaos of Public Shaming and the Breaking Point

The Vicious Cycle of Exposure

I had planned to respond to the criticism and share what I experienced in my relationship. My relationship was toxic, and yes, it was a trigger, but today I understand that, beyond the scandal, the healthiest thing for my mental well-being and for respecting the privacy of everyone involved was simply to let it go.

In the midst of that whirlwind, my ex came back to me, and I to him. Instead of standing firm, the fear of loneliness and the toxicity of that cycle led me to make erratic and negligent decisions.

A Dead End Live Stream

I agreed to participate in a live stream to call out someone who had initially supported me. My stance was incoherent; I was trying to navigate between half-truths and classic problems of a toxic relationship that should never have been made public. I'm not trying to justify myself, but at that moment my mind was indeed a dark and directionless place.

The pressure reached its limit in a private call that lasted until the early hours of the morning. I was so exhausted, so broken, and so unable to defend my truth—that no one in that relationship was a saint, that it's the result of being with people who haven't healed from their traumas—I ended up denying everything. I just wanted it all to be over.

That emotional exhaustion didn't lead to a healthy closure. Denying my own reality to please others and the weight of feeling like I had no one led me to a suicide attempt. It was the result of carrying unresolved traumas, poorly managed fame, and an environment devoid of empathy.

What I learned from this:

• **External validation is dangerous**: Trying to let the internet decide who is "the good guy" or "the bad guy" only destroys your peace.

• **Silence is sometimes healing:** Not all wounds need a public explanation; some just need therapy and time.

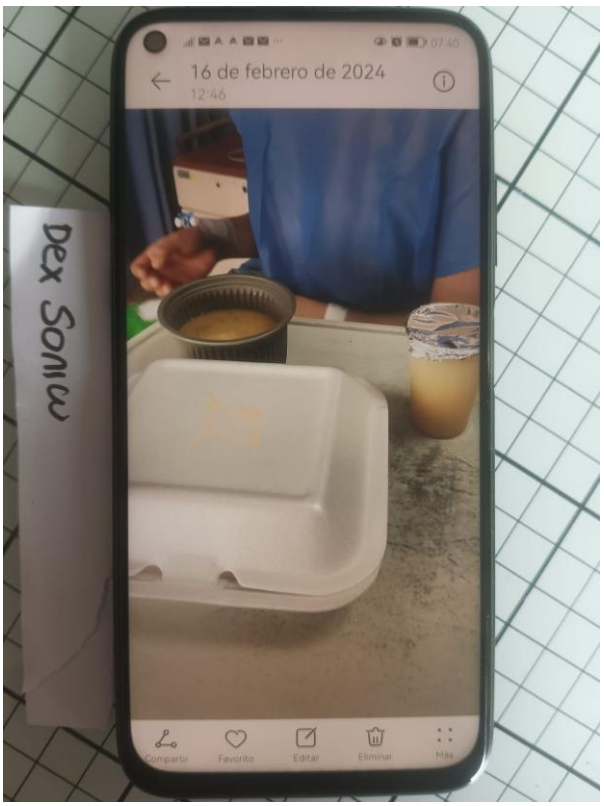
• **Your life is worth more than any controversy**: No mistake on social media is worth losing your will to live, and this is something I'm still dealing with in therapy, because it hurts to admit it, but since I was little, I've had suicidal tendencies, something I work on every day to hold on to life

PART IV - Recovery

I looked at all the mistakes I made, everything I did, every decision. I saw my whole life flash before my eyes, how that repressed teenager took refuge in social media, what he did to get attention, what he accepted to avoid being alone, what he said to stand out and protect himself. But none of that makes me a victim, because even though I act from pain, the mistakes are still there.

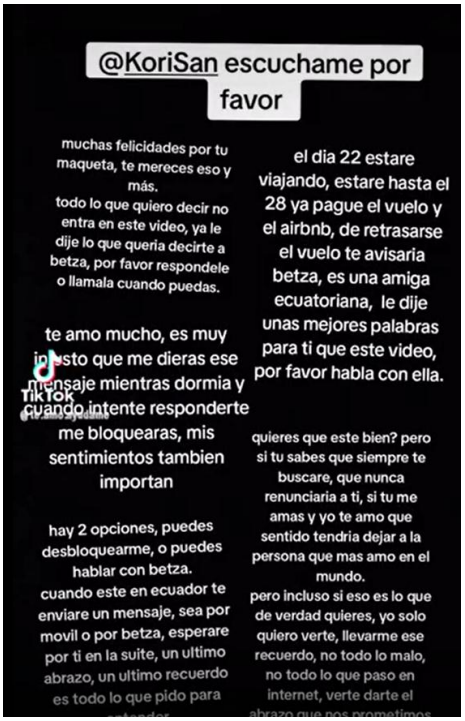
The next day, I had a moment of mental clarity. Suddenly, nothing affected me. I didn't check social media; I just went to eat a hamburger. That night, I ended my life by taking pills, almost unconscious. My mother noticed and alerted everyone. They took me to the emergency room, where I spent a day and a half. They gave me an appointment with a psychiatrist and a psychologist, and when I got home, I deleted all my social media accounts. Not Tumblr, though, because I lost the password and no longer had access to the email I used to create the account, since it's from many years ago.

Photos that my mother sent to the family WhatsApp group when she went to check on my condition the next day to report on it:



I continued therapy for a month and took antidepressants. My ex tried to contact me and succeeded through emails and people from my faculty. I agreed to talk to him since I was improving as a person, but I still wasn't over him; I couldn't let go. During my vacation, he messaged me on Instagram to see me one last time. I had created that Instagram account to communicate with him since I had created a new private TikTok account. He tagged me in two public videos to get my attention and contact me, videos that were later deleted after he contacted me.

https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/18TLGLGZWeHc7r0fU3MWk2wcvhbGe4EQK?usp=drive_link



After that, I went to the meeting at my university, and then I said goodbye and deleted my TikTok account.

I stopped seeing a psychologist, but I continued with my personal therapy. Little by little, I gained more mental clarity; I was a new person.

And once I had improved, I blocked out my memories and decided to start over, being myself. I didn't have to go back to being the same person, much less someone I wasn't. If I had truly changed as a person, I wasn't just going to say it; I was going to show it.

Literally, during my recovery, the Sonic fandom was my refuge, and I never felt more comfortable. I decided to open a new art account, to further my personal process, to post what made me happy, to draw what I truly loved. I wasn't interested in fame or attention; I just wanted peace.

And surprisingly, I managed to grow. My art isn't mega-viral, but 10,000 people on the first X account I opened trust me, 4,000 on this account, more than 6,000 on YouTube, 11,000 on TikTok, 280 on Instagram. Many will say it's nothing, that I'm nobody, but I don't see it that way. Even my first 10 followers were a reason to smile.

I met people along the way. Due to trauma**, I separated who I was from someone else because I hated myself. I erased my memories with other people, almost like amnesia. I spoke about myself as if I were someone else.** My friends met me without knowing my past; they knew me for who I am today. When I told them this, they didn't judge me because neither I nor anyone else can judge other people for mistakes in their past. Only if the person continues doing the same thing, remains the same or worse, and has no intention of changing or at least trying to, then that's still their present, but not mine. **People who know me, Dex, know me as a free-spirited, understanding guy**, someone who always tries to help others, who protects minors from adult content, who doesn't need to speak well or ill of other people on his channel and uses his experiences to help, not condemn, and who, if accused of something, can feel the peace of mind of not having to respond, insult, or 'cancel' it, but simply let it go.

followed you on that

N I C K Y_ Dex 18/7/2025 7:48

Aww thanks, it was necessary to separate the content to protect the minors who followed me on TikTok

N I C K Y_ Dex 8/8/2025 17:22

Claro, soy bilingüe, parte de mi familia es de USA y la otra de Colombia y Ecuador así que siempre hablaré en el idioma que sea más cómodo para ti

Perdón si aveces hablo de más, muy largo etc, aveces me cuesta expresar ciertas cosas

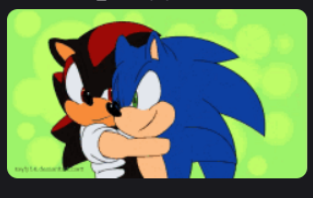
También tengo una personalidad bastante emocional, por si aveces me sientes demasiado triste, parte de mi vida es así pero trato de estar bien para los demás

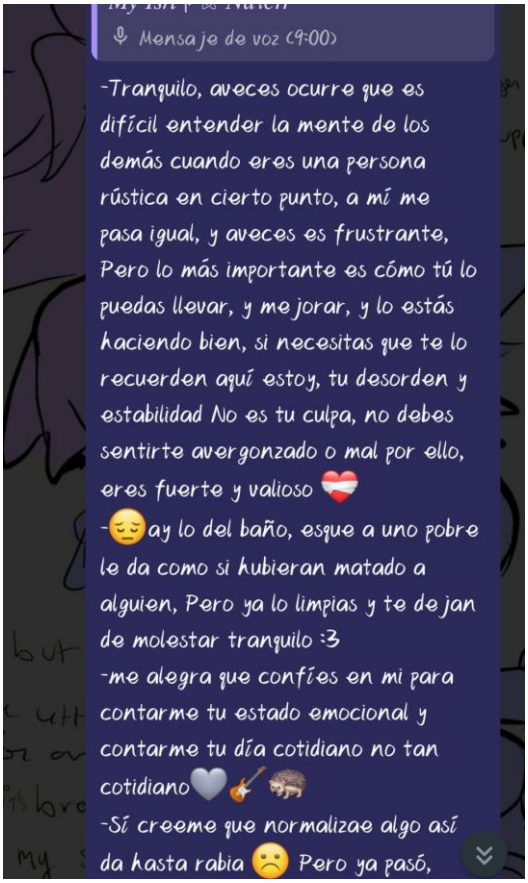
Sumado a mis problemas, pero siempre puedo escucharte cualquier cosita o tema random que quieras hablar

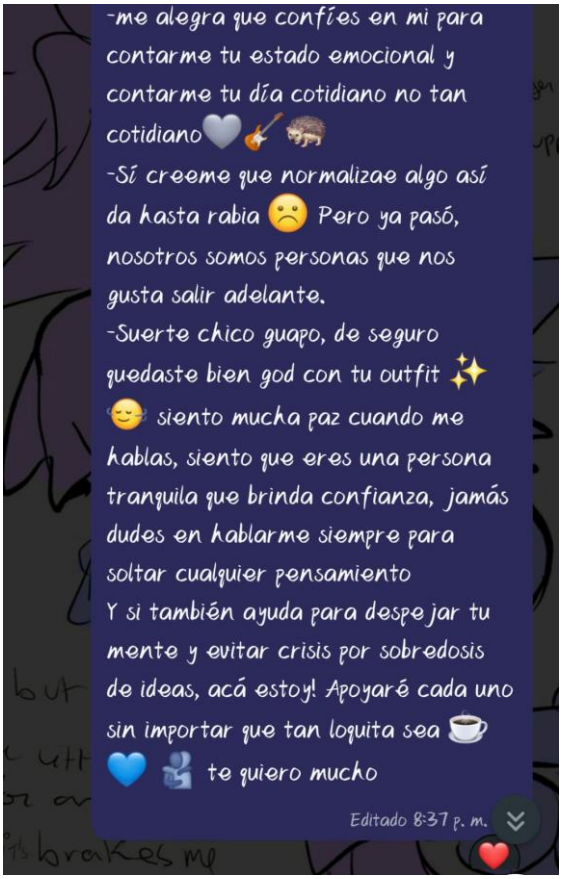
Eres libre de hablar de lo que quieras conmigo, también si algo de lo que hago o digo te incomoda no dudes en decírmelo, siempre busco mejorar como persona todos los días y es bueno saber mis errores de comunicación, el punto es que te sientas bien

eso es todo amiguito, perdón si aveces tardo en responder, soy un poco ocupadito pero todo bien

N I C K Y_ Dex 8/8/2025 17:29







Final Reflection

Years ago, I read a comment on TikTok that came to mind while writing this: "Without controversy, your art would be nothing." Now I see that's not true. When you create art from the heart, not from a sick facade to get attention, you gain more than you realize. **"That doesn't erase what you did," I know, but it helped me learn and grow.**

People still say I lost everything, **but I gained more than they think I lost.** I gained friends who trust me for who I am now, people who value me and know the kind of person I am today. If they speak ill of me now, they know that's not who I am. People who value me for my art, my content, my advice, and my support.

I'm currently undergoing new psychological therapy to further improve my condition and reduce suicidal tendencies. Like any human being, I still have setbacks, but each one helps me grow. This year, I hope to finish therapy, better manage my borderline personality disorder, and become a fully social and controlled person.

So here's my message, apology, and moral:

People will judge you without knowing you if they know about your mistakes beforehand. You don't need to say you've changed or that you will; just show it. And when they see your past mistakes, they'll know you've truly changed.

And that teenager and young man trapped on social media, who used to be called **Black Strawberry 14, wants to say something…**

From the bottom of my heart, for all the drawings and content that may have put the mental health of those who watched me at risk, for all the people I made uncomfortable or hurt in the past, for all the people I publicly hurt with negative messages, for all the inappropriate comments I made on videos, for everything I said, for all the people I hid my feelings from, for all the times I acted impulsively, for all the times I denied my friends, for every mistake I made, I ask for your forgiveness.

And Dex, my current self, **wants to say**,

Thank you for reading and for supporting me. I know that for some this will be a difficult confession, I know there will be differing opinions, but simply lying and denying my mistakes is cowardly. But showing that you've changed, telling the truth, and moving forward is what a mature person who wants to improve does. And if I've hurt anyone because of who I am today, I apologize in advance; I don't intend to hurt anyone else. I know how it feels to hit rock bottom, **and I hope this experience serves as an example of what not to do on social media and how to ask for help when you need it. It's never too late to change.**

Maybe I can't say I'm a completely good person, but despite everything,

I can say for the first time…

I'm happy and free.

My name is Kaizen, Kay / Gray, allow me to introduce myself